

Fame

by AmyRoth

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Fame

**Hey there! So, here is another idea I have had for a few months! Just started watching the show "Empire" and was VERY inspired. It's such a good show and Cookie is my absolute fav! She is such a boss! Lol. Anyways, I also have a deep love for rap music, well...a lot of different music. But most particularly rap and hip-pop. And sometimes I actually write my own rhymes and poems, which will be included in this story btw! Nothing will be "copied" from somewhere else and used unless its a reference. So, if you guys would like me to continue! Please review! Let me know! Also, forgive me if you feel they are a little OOC. I actually, in another weird world, could totally see Draco being a badass and Hermione as his gal. hahaha. Well, reviews are much appreciated! Thank you! Enjoy! :)**

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><p>"The streets aren't made for everybody. That's why they made sidewalks."_

**~Cookie (Empire)**

Hermione smiled brightly as she took in the brand new studio her and Draco just bought. She felt the coolness of the knob as she fiddled with the key in the lock. Finally managing to swing the door open, she couldn't help but feel her mouth drop in awe.

After all those years... after all the hustling her and Draco did. It finally paid off.

Hermione gazed in astonishment as she made her way throughout the

studio, particularly loving the maroon colored walls. She smiled as she imagined the kind of music history they would be making here...her and Draco. Together.

It was almost surreal, she couldn't believe...their life in the streets was over. She could finally say good riddance to the drugs and violence. She wouldn't have to spend her nights worrying about her husband any longer.

Feeling sick to her stomach every time her and Draco had a drug run. Having to leave their daughter, Aria, with her best friend Ginny and her husband Harry.

"So, we finally did it!" she heard Draco murmured from behind.
"Aria, you see? Mommy and Daddy finally succeeded!"

Hermione swirled around quickly, beaming when she saw her daughter's bright brown eyes. Hermione extended her arms out so her daughter would come embrace her. She loved holding her daughter so close in her arms. Stroking her white, blonde curls.

"Hi, mommy!" Aria giggled, squirming out of her father's arms to run to her mother.

"Hi, angel! Did Daddy take you for ice-cream?" Hermione cooed as she grasped tightly onto her little girl who just leaped into her arms.

"Of course, the girl would never let me forget a promise like that!" Draco chuckled, watching his wife twirl their daughter around the new studio. It was like a dream.

"Well, a promise is a promise. Isn't it princess?" Hermione laughed between smothering the child with kisses. With all the chaos that had engulfed their lives since they first got together, it was their daughter who always brought them great peace and joy. "Goodness, you've gotten so big...how old are you now again, Aria?"

The little blonde pouted, clearly disturbed by the fact her very own mother was asking such a question. And, my she looked just like her father when she did so.

"Seven, mommy...I thought you knew this?" She exclaimed in exasperation. Her expression changed to match one more like her mother's. A know-it all look many knew all too well when faced with Hermione's intellect.

"Of course, my darling! I was just making sure you knew!" Hermione giggled, placing her daughter back down on the floor.

"Mommy, of course I know! Daddy, mommy has gone loopy!" Aria accused, her tiny arms crossed against her chest.

Draco couldn't help but burst into laughter when he saw how upset his little girl was over Hermione asking how old she was.

"Come here, Aria. Mommy and Daddy have some business to take care of, but I have a wonderful keyboard you can play with for the time being. Does that sound fun?" Draco asked, offering his hand to his daughter.

Smiling brightly when she accepted, he quickly guided her into the room behind the glass. He guided her to the large keyboard that was displayed in the middle of the sound booth. Draco smiled when he saw the pure look of joy on Aria's face when she took in the site of the instrument.

"Hereâ€|" he said, "You just turn it on like this, and then play on, like this!", tapping one of the keys sporadically.

"I'm not stupid, Daddyâ€|" Aria scowled, already finding the button that allowed you to follow along with a programed song.

"Of course, darling...you're absolutely not! Just wait here while your mother and I handle some business. Alright?"

Aria didn't even acknowledge Draco anymore. She was all consumed by following the song, amazingly taken away by the flow of the music.

Draco shook his head as he shut the door behind him, she seemed to have also inherited Hermione and his knack for music. Something that only brought him and his wife closer.

"Is she alright?" Hermione asked, her eyebrows raised in anxiousness.

"She's our daughter, of course she is, love." He answered smoothly.

Hermione nodded, relaxing her shoulders a bit at his response. "Can you believe it, Draco? We really did it..after all these yearsâ€|"

"I can't believe it either, Hermione...this is a new life for us! I promise you, no more selling drugs! No more leaving our daughter with our friends every other night! We can finally be a family!" Draco proclaimed.

Hermione smiled brightly as she caressed her husband's cheek lovingly, trusting in every word he said. She couldn't believe they had made it. They finally made it out of the streets.

It was all surreal, this feeling of accomplishment. It flourished so boldly throughout her veins more and more each second that was stood there. Taking in every inch of the new place that would be where their mark on the world together was made.

The music...the reason for everything. The very thing that allowed them to happen in the first place, would only grow and thrive.

The anxiety of never knowing if they would make it home or not. The vicious world of crime and drug dealing was not one she wanted her daughter to know, no one in the right mind would at that.

The fact she learned how to shoot a gun had been a complete watershed moment in her life. Acknowledging the fact it was either _do_ or _die_. That some nights, it may just come down to one life for hers. Or Draco's at that.

And it was all for a dream...a dream that started so innocently when they were seventeen. Draco had been a troubled teen that came from a broken home. A ruthless and abusive father he had, and a mother who did nothing but stand by and let it happen.

Finally having enough of his father and mother, Draco finally left home. Running into Hermione who had worked at a coffee shop at the time. She first noticed him when he was playing his guitar outside the shop, attracting rather large crowds of spectators.

Hermione recalled watching him through the glass window hopelessly for weeks before gathering up the courage to speak to him. To utter as much as a "hi" to the good looking boy.

It was finally the day she noticed the blonde changing his music style, seeming to ditch the guitar and start freestyling with other unknown rappers in the area. She found herself touched and intrigued by his vast talent in music. The magic of his poetry had truly taken a hold of her heart.

And from then on, the rest was pure history.

"I'll hold you to that, Malfoy." Hermione teased, yanking him by his shirt to pull him closer to her. Fully blessing him with the sweetness of her lips.

"How many times-" Draco started, but was cut off by Hermione kissing him again.

"How many times what?" She giggled, finally letting go of his shirt.

"How many times do I have to tell you, you're a MALFOY now. There's no sense in calling me that anymore!"

"Such small details, _Draco_. I'm your wife! I'll call you whatever I want, got it?"

"Sure, _Granger._" He shot back with a grin, knowing it would only add fuel to the already blazing fire.

"Come on, Draco. We need to start making arrangements on how we will start scouting artists! You can't be the only artist on this label!" Hermione demanded, motioning him to follow her to the office.

Draco watched as he felt himself falling more in love with his wife every second as he watched her leave. Motherhood had not taken a damper on her figure. In fact, having her bare his child only made her more attractive to him.

"Hm, I've always wondered what it would be like for us to do it in an office...I got it, you can be a teacher!" He exclaimed as he finally started following her.

Hermione swiftly whirled around, eyes narrowed in annoyance. "We're here for _business_, Draco. Not pleasure."

Draco shrugged, "Who says we can't do both?". Winking as his wife rolled her beautiful golden brown eyes at him.

End
file.